

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS

NO. 870. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## ONLY A BUSINESS MAN.

BY MAY DRYDEN.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THEY were supposed to be worshipping the masterpiece by Whistler. Long Tom, of Dale's Brow, was there—Thomas Brent when he got his full name—and old Ben Crossley. These two were the centre of a group of working-men who, gathered together in Miss Watkins's æsthetic night-school, were eagerly discussing something which was certainly not art.

Long Tom was a fine, handsome young fellow of about four-and-twenty, taller and straighter than the ordinary Lancashire weaver. His face was not wanting in intelligence, but its expression was marred by a certain sullen obstinacy about the mouth. Mentally, he was a fair type of a Lancashire working-man, whose shrewdness of mind and readiness to form his own opinion generally outstrip the knowledge necessary for the right guidance of those qualities.

Old Ben Crossley was a small, wizened, bent man of about fifty, of a surly temper and vicious, spiteful disposition. The group that surrounded these two was composed mainly of lads and young men. There were between thirty and forty of them, a number which, at first sight, argued very well for the attractions of the masterpiece by Whistler.

Long Tom was haranguing the audience.

"Yo' poor, deaun-trodden fools," he was saying. "Dun you call yo'rsel's men, and winnot yo' bear wi' a bit o' clemmin' to get yo're rights? Eh, but I am ashamed to know yo' for men o' Lancashire."

"Very pretty talkin', Tom," called one from the background. "But can yo' tell me whoi, lad, we should want to be fightin' just neaw? Sims to me, we'd happen better

hold our peace. We'n gotten a fair wage and a good measter, and what more dun we want?"

"It's not far ahead 'ut yo' con see," cried Tom contemptuously. "A good measter! Eh! He is good neaw. Yo' wait a bit until he's gotten us aw under his thumb. Besides, oi conna see 'ut he's that good. Dun yc' know what's happened to Lame Luke o' Bradshaw's?"

"No."

"Well, yo're good measter's turned him off because the poor fellow took a drop too much one day to dreawn his sorrow." Here Tom began to speak very fair English, as he often did when he meant to be impressive. "Turned him off to die in a ditch for aught my proud young master cares. For what can a poor lame lad do to earn his living?"

There was a murmur of indignation, and then a strong, quiet voice spoke up:

"Now, lad, thou known that thou'rt leein'!"

"Who dares to say I'm leein'?" cried Tom angrily. Then, his wrath subsiding a little as he caught sight of the speaker, "Well, Mr. Leighton, is it not true?"

"Not as you've spoken it, lad. This was th' way o't: Lame Luke's been drinkin' off and on for a long time, and th' measter spoke to him about it often. Luke took no manner of heed, so then Fenchurch said he'd have no drunkards in his mill settin' a bad example to th' young folk. So he turned him out, but not to die in a ditch, lad. He's got him th' place o' gate-opener at th' Park, and Lame Luke earns two shillings for every one he got before. Yo' know he's not that lame, after all."

"That's a very different mak' o' a tale," said someone, and even Long Tom looked a little ashamed. But old Ben Crossley said maliciously:

"Aye! and yo' will hear a different tale from Leighton abawt Fenchurch than what yo' would from another. We all know very well 'ut Leighton, or some 'ut belongs to him, are i' high favour i' thot quarter."

"What do you mean?" demanded Tom.

"Eh, dunnot slay me, Tom. We all known yo're sweet i' that heawse yoursel'. But bless me, lad, yo're safe enow. He'll ne'er marry th' lass."

Here his eloquence was suddenly cut short, for Isaac Leighton, laying a strong hand on his collar, shook him as a dog would a rat, and then hauling him to the door, thrust him out, with an admonition to keep his mischief-making old tongue quiet if he meant to have a sound bone left in his skin. Then returning to the room he spoke sharply and sternly to the little meeting, to the effect that they were all set on getting into mischief, and the sooner they left off talking nonsense the better it would be for them. How could they, he asked, ever hope to get a real grievance redressed if they were always trumping up imaginary ones? Having said his say he departed homewards, perplexed by a sense of the utter futility of his good advice. He knew well enough the aims of those who were agitating in Wilton for a strike, knew that they had been successful in other towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and feared that they might be so there.

"If it were only Mr. Gordon," he thought to himself, "they could not find ground for a quarrel with him. But there is Mr. Mark; he sets them all by th' ears whenever he comes over, with his proud, not-understanding ways. Eh, but old Ben is the very devil. Tom'll hate Mr. Gordon for life now. Shall I tell th' lass, I wonder? I think not. There's nowt in't. What use to sheame her?"

However, in spite of his perfect faith in his daughter, Isaac made up his mind to watch her pretty closely for the future.

Meantime the meeting at the night-school was broken up by the arrival of Mrs. Watkins and her daughter, clad in the most approved shade of peacock-blue, to exercise their saving influence over these rough, untamed specimens of the human race. This evening Anastasia had brought with her a large bunch of daffodils, which she proceeded to distribute singly among the young men, who received them for the most part awkwardly enough.

Long Tom, however, took his with a very fair imitation of the absurd air of

admiration he had seen caricatured in Punch. He attended Gordon's reading-room regularly, and the comic papers were a part of the entertainment provided for its habitués.

Mrs. Watkins looked on him approvingly, and on the others hopefully. Her work of ameliorating the condition of the lower classes was progressing very favourably, she thought, since in one month she had taught this young man to appreciate the beauties of nature as exhibited in a daffodil, and the wonders of art as portrayed by a Whistler.

"What," she asked, "were you all discussing so eagerly as we came up? You must learn to moderate your voices, my friends."

The rest by common consent left Tom to speak for them.

"We were talking of Mr. Gordon Fenchurch," said he, "and of poor Lane Luke!"

Then he repeated his tale, adding to it such touches as he thought would lend it interest and pathos in the ladies' eyes. Since old Ben's hint, Tom's anger against Gordon had grown into positive hatred. All such feelings of honour or fair play as the young man had possessed were sunk in the desire to do his employer some lasting injury. Unfortunately his hurtful seed now fell into good ground for its growth.

Mrs. Watkins was a Christian woman, and so she never hated anyone—would, indeed, have been shocked had anyone suggested that so unrighteous a feeling as hatred could have any place in her mind—but she disliked Gordon Fenchurch extremely, and though she would have denied vehemently any desire to do him an injury, she was undoubtedly pleased to hear anything to his disadvantage.

The grounds of her dislike were manifold. In the first place, she regarded him with horror as one who would do away with all distinctions of classes; secondly, he would not betray any sensitiveness to the allurements of her daughter Anastasia, who, she had made up her mind, was the very person to exercise over him the influence he so much needed; thirdly, his sister Clarence had rejected all Anastasia's efforts to become intimate with her—treating her, it is true, with the utmost politeness, but reserving all her friendship for those common, vulgar girls, the Carfields, whose heads were being quite turned by the notice that was taken of them, so that they were no longer properly grateful for the patronage and instruction which Mrs. Watkins was ever willing to bestow.

Thus it came about that Mrs. Watkins heard the tale concerning Gordon Fenchurch and Lane Luke o' Bradshaw's with delight, and, artistically working it up, and unconsciously adding whatever was necessary to give it point, had, in the course of a week, carried it into every house in Wilton where she had admittance.

She met Phoebe Carfield out walking, and stopped to tell her of it, and Phoebe astonished her by blazing up—the meek Phoebe—almost as though she had been Matilda. She did not believe a word of the scandal, and told Mrs. Watkins so. But she went home and cried over it all the same, and tried to summon up courage to speak to Gordon about it, and, coward that she was, could not manage it.

Then Mrs. Watkins added the story of her indignation to the rest, and everywhere led people to suppose that Phoebe was trying to induce young Fenchurch to marry her, that he had noticed her until she fell in love with him, but that he was, nevertheless, much too shrewd a man of business to marry an insignificant girl like that, without a penny to her fortune. That was what she led people to suppose. Mrs. Watkins was a Christian, and never gossiped, or spoke ill of her neighbours, and she would not have said it right out for the world. She told the story of Lane Luke only from a stern sense of duty—because it was right that the truth should be told.

And, wherever she went, Anastasia went also, and every time the mother told the story, the daughter confirmed people's idea that there must be something in it by her seeming reluctance to be questioned on the matter, and her grief that it should have been spoken of at all.

Ah me! What a world of mischief one malicious woman can make!

#### CHAPTER XXV.

ISAAC LEIGHTON had acted wisely in resolving to say nothing to Deborah about old Ben Crossley's hint with regard to herself.

He appreciated the beauty of his daughter's very superior character, and by that appreciation showed that it was to some extent derived from himself.

He knew that she admired both Gordon and Clarence, and sympathised in her admiration. If, in the depths of her heart, there were some feeling stronger still for her master, he would have been as loth as Deborah herself to tear aside the veil

of reticence in which she shrouded it, and expose it to the light of day.

Though silent on that point, however, he consulted with Deborah as to what might be the best means of counteracting the meddlesome mischief-making of Long Tom and old Ben.

Isaac had watched many strikes through their woful courses from beginning to end, and he knew well how the seeds of discontent are first sown by the half-educated, short-sighted zealot, how he then carefully nourishes them, and how, when they are ripe to harvest, he brings forward his carefully-concerted plan of action, so that a strike, and often worse, is the result.

Isaac feared more than a strike just now, for the people were in an exceedingly turbulent state in all that countryside. Strikes had in many instances been followed by destruction of property or by violence and bloodshed. More than one large manufacturer, whose mills were closed, dared not sleep at night without a guard of police to patrol his grounds, lest his house should be surrounded and burned under cover of the darkness.

Deborah blushed when her father named Long Tom. That worthy had persecuted her with his addresses since as boy and girl they had attended school together. Indeed, his admiration of Deborah was the most amiable trait in this gentleman's character. By every uncouth method in his power he endeavoured to win some expression of regard from his deity, and, failing altogether, failed also to understand his failure. For Long Tom was something of a hero amongst his own class, and very much of a beau. In fixing his affections upon Deborah Leighton he had unwittingly allowed them to be engrossed by the only lass in Fenchurch's mill, who would not willingly "walk with him o' Sundays" as the Lancashire phrase runs; that important walk on Sunday evenings being the sign whereby the Lancashire lads and lasses recognise an engaged couple.

Deborah's confusion, however, was soon merged in her distress at the news her father brought.

"What must we do, lass?" asked he gently, watching to see if his daughter's thoughts followed the same channel as his own. "It seems to me it's thou and I alone against all the rattlepates i' th' neeborhood. But there's some on 'em would be easy guided by a word fro' thee." He paused and hesitated, then went on: "Could yo' speak to Long Tom, lass?"

Deborah blushed again and answered firmly, though without displeasure:

"Nay, father. He'd happen think I meant more'n I said."

"I doubt thou'rt right," said Leighton despondently. "What must we do?"

"See," said Deborah, "there's our Minnie coming up the garden. Call her in, father, and let's hear what she has to say about it."

"I'll send her in to thee," said Isaac.

He was a sober-minded man, having on his father's side Quaker blood in his veins, and his younger daughter's flighty manners and high spirits irritated him beyond endurance—for this reason, he avoided frequent intercourse with her. Minnie, beautiful little butterfly that she was, certainly stood in wonderful contrast to Deborah, and a man who admired the elder sister could scarcely be expected to appreciate the younger.

The latter came into the room gaily singing one of the songs from the pantomime last performed in Homcester. There was no harm in the ditty, but it was slangy and foolish, and Deborah's brows contracted slightly as she heard it. She made no remark about it, however. She rarely blamed her sister. Now she returned affectionately the warm kiss with which Minnie greeted her.

"Eh, but it's warm," said the new comer, throwing off her shawl. "Well, Debby, what ails thee? Thou looks as grave as th' owd church-clock when it's striking twelve."

"Why twelve, little one?" asked Deborah, smiling.

"Clock's loike other folk. It looks gravest when it's got most to say. I know thou's gotten summut to say, now hasna' thee?"

"Aye, I've been hearing bad news, Minnie."

"An' I've been hearin' good news," answered Minnie lightly. "I picked 'em up outside o' th' new æstetic night-school."

"Æsthetic," corrected Deborah gently.

"Ne'er mind. It's aw th' same. What'll thee gi' me for my news?"

"I'll give thee mine instead, dear."

"Bad news for good! That's a poor exchange, I doubt. But hearken, Debby. Theer's goin' to be grand doin's in Wilton. We're aw to turn cawt next month."

"Minnie! Do you call that good news?"

"Yea, I do. I've ne'er seen a strike, and it'll be fine fun playin' us. So now! Long Tom tow'd me. He said I cou'd tell

yo', but theer's not many knaws yet. Yo' mustn't tell, Debby."

"But, Minnie, it's dreadful," remonstrated Debby. "Whatever can folk want wi' turnin' out now, when times are mendin' so nicely?"

"To get our rights!" said Minnie proudly, and evidently repeating a lesson that had been taught her. "To get our rights, and to teach an unjust master that we will not be his slaves!"

Deborah recognised the tone of the speech.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie!" cried she. "Have you been listening to Tom?"

"Aye, have I, and paying heed to him, too. Why shouldna' I listen to Tom? Will yo' neither tak' him yoursel' nor let another tak' him?" cried Minnie impetuously, flushing up to the roots of her hair.

Deborah stood astonished. Only last Sunday Tom had been pestering her with his attentions; could he really have veered round, and become attached to Minnie since then? Or did he think to make her, Deborah, jealous by courting her sister?

"Minnie dear," said she gently, "I am so sorry."

"What for, then?"

"He's not good enough for you, little one."

"He *is* good enough," cried Minnie indignantly. "An' yo're th' only lass in Wilton that would not be proud to say 'aye' to him, Debby. An' for aw thou'rt so good, oi cannot think thou'rt too good for him, Debby; an' though oi'm poor beside o' thee, if he'll ha' me i'stead, he shall."

"Do you love him then, Minnie?"

Minnie's answer was to fling herself on her knees at her sister's side and exclaim, amidst a torrent of tears:

"I love him, love him, love him, Debby! Oh, Deborah, I've loved him aw th' time he's been courtin' thee, and my heart's been nearly broke because thou wouldna' please him an' I couldna'. An' now, he says, his eyes are opened, an' he loves thee no more; it's me 'at he really cares for. An' it's like heaven!"

What could Deborah do, save soothe her little sister, and sympathise in her joy, even while recognising with sinking heart the fact that Tom was stealing her beautiful young love and giving her only words in return?

Now was not the time to remonstrate with Minnie concerning the strike. In her present state of mind she would not be



likely to hear with patience anything contrary to the teaching of her lover.

Poor Minnie! She was very weak-minded, very blind, or she would surely have doubted the affection which could so readily be transferred from one sister to the other.

Meantime Deborah could do nothing but watch the signs of the time, and when she was able, say a word to allay the growing excitement of the people. But she could do very little to guide them now. Long Tom was the favourite of the moment, and he had the ear of the people. Moreover, she was fighting in the dark against she knew not what, for all the plans of the agitators were kept very quiet.

Night after night the masterpiece by Whistler looked down upon a meeting of angry, excited men and boys, with now and then a woman amongst them, more eager to strike some telling blow than they. Ignorant folk were they all, willing to thrust themselves into any peril to gain some very vague advantage, supposing that all was clear to their leaders. They were easily swayed by any orator who, for a moment, had power to hold their attention, running headlong into mischief, many of them purely for want of some harmless and rational way of filling up their spare time and exhausting their superabundant energy.

South-country people are fond of talking disparagingly of this Lancashire of ours; judges on circuit are shocked by the horrible cases of cruelty brought before them, and speak with horror of a brutality unparalleled in the southern counties. No doubt they are right in their judgment of our crime, but they, in common with ourselves, trace it to a wrong source. Blame if you will, where blame is so richly merited, but not the poor brute who, in a fit of drunken passion, kicks the wife, scarcely better than himself, to death. Judge those who make him what he is, or keep him so; judge the rich, cultivated, refined young men and women, who from their superior heights look down upon their struggling brothers and sisters with a kind of languid disgust, and will not take the trouble even to realise the lives they live, much less hold out a saving hand to them!

Day by day fresh tales were circulated concerning Gordon and Clarence, which being, one and all, detrimental to their characters—albeit as false as that of *Lame Luke*—met with a ready acceptance. Even these rarely came to Deborah's ears. Not

one in ten of the people who repeated them believed in them, and there were very few who dared to carry a falsehood within the hearing of Deborah Leighton or her father.

Tom continued to make violent love to Minnie, who, poor child, believing implicitly all he said, moved in one long dream of delight. He watched eagerly the while for any symptoms of jealousy on the part of the elder sister, and when no such symptom made its appearance, he began almost to hate the unhappy victim of his scheme. For the time, however, he seemed to love her, and she was more than content. But Minnie, as well as many others in Wilton, was walking on a hidden volcano, which any day might vomit forth its burning streams and engulf her.

### SAMOA.

THE troubles which bade fair to arise from the "expansion" movements of Britons and Germans in the South Seas, have been happily averted by the arrangement of the Pacific Commission, composed of representatives of both countries, to consider respective rights, and define limits of extension. The deliberations of the Commission have resulted in the adoption of certain recommendations, which, to summarise briefly, provide for the recognition of the equality of rights of the subjects of each power in the territory of the other; agree that no differential duties shall be established in such new settlements as New Guinea; that navigation as well as trading shall be left free to each; and that arms, alcohol, and ammunition shall not be supplied by either to the aborigines.

More important are the recommendations that the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, the Friendly Islands, and the Navigator's Islands shall be declared "open" for common action, and that the independence of each shall be respected. The Australians have a very decided desire to "annex" the Solomon Islands, though the desire is probably more the result of fear of occupation by another power, than of any very strong longing for the islands themselves. In truth, they do not seem very attractive in themselves, and in our colonial history they are more associated with tragedy than with material gain. It is probable, therefore, that the colonists will be satisfied with their guaranteed independence, and the same probability exists with

regard to the New Hebrides. With regard to the latter group, there is a distinct "understanding" between Great Britain and France that the neutrality should be maintained. There has been some reason to fear that France would not lose the first opportunity of cancelling the understanding, and there are many reasons why France, of all powers, would be an unwelcome intruder there. However this may be, the Anglo-German agreement seems to offer settlement of the long impending difficulty about Samoa. And it is about Samoa that we now mean to discourse.

Who of European mariners first sighted the group formerly known to geographers as the Navigator's Islands, but now better known as the Samoan Archipelago, and, still better, as simply Samoa, is a disputed point. It is usual, however, to credit their discovery to Roggewein, who afterwards died miserably in prison in Batavia. But it was Bougainville, the Frenchman, who gave the group the name of Navigator's Islands, because he saw so many native canoes plying about the coasts. The impression which he derived is still apt to be formed by a stranger visiting the islands, that the people are a seafaring race; but, as a matter of fact, they are not so. Their canoes are numerous, and of construction as skilful as any to be found in the South Pacific, but they seldom go out of sight of land, and use their vessels for intercommunication only.

The group covers a sea-area of about two hundred miles, and this is, practically, the limits of the navigation of the natives. Within the limits, however, active intercourse has been maintained as long as traditions extend into the dim past, and outside of the limits there has been a frequent, if not a constant, intercourse with the Fijian group, some six hundred miles to the south-west. Like the Fijian, the Samoan Islands lie between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn, and they are second only to Fiji in size and importance among all the archipelagos of Western Polynesia. Generations ago the Samoans had large double canoes, like the Fijians, but in recent times their favourite vessel has been the single canoe, with outrigger—boats which vary in length from fifteen to twenty feet, and in the width from eighteen to twenty inches, the larger sizes carrying from fifteen to twenty persons. The small canoes are hollowed out of logs, but the large ones are carefully

built, the planks being sewn, not nailed, together, and cemented with a kind of gum taken from the bread-fruit tree.

As to the origin of the name Samoa, there are several traditions current in the island, which have been carefully collected and recorded by Dr. Turner. One will suffice.

Once upon a time the Rocks married the Earth, and a child was born, which was named Moa, meaning the centre of the earth. Salevao, the god of the rocks, went to get water wherewith to wash the child, and made the water thereafter sacred, or Sa, to Moa. The conjunction gives the native name. After this operation, both Rocks and Earth demanded some of the water to drink, which Salevao agreed to give if they could get a bamboo to convey it by. Hence arose springs and streams. Salevao then turned himself into loose stones, and declared that everything which grew, as well as the rocks and earth, should be sacred to Moa—Sa ia moa, abbreviated to Samoa.

The Samoan traditions as to the origin of matter and man are not less curious. First of all, was Drai, or nothing. From this sprang, in succession, Nanamu, fragrance; Efuefu, dust; Iloa, perceivable things; Maua, obtainable things; Eleele, earth; Papatu, high rocks; Maataanoa, small stones; Maunga, mountains. A marriage between the high rocks and the earth rocks produced the Earth; one between the Earth and the Winds produced the Clouds; while other successive unions evolved dew, shadow, daylight, twilight, and so forth, until emerged Tangaloa, the creation of man, from whom springs a long genealogy down to one Sanea. This Sanea was the founder of the Malietoa dynasty, the twenty-third generation of which is represented by Malietoa Talavon, the now recognised King of Samoa.

Another tradition places Tangaloa originally in space, where he first made the heavens and then the earth. Once he sent down his daughter to earth in the form of the bird Turi (a kind of snipe), but she could find nothing but ocean; he sent her again, and she found land; he sent her a third time with some earth and a creeping-plant, which at first grew, then its leaves withered, then it swarmed with worms, which gradually became men and women.

From such traditions as these, it is easy to see that the Samoans may have had a distinct religion of their own. Dr. Turner has enabled us to see something of the

nature of that religion and the character of the numerous deities worshipped or feared; but the subject is too wide to allow of more than passing mention in this paper. The Samoans had both general gods and domestic gods, or titulary deities, and they certainly believed in some kind of future state. They not only made offerings to their gods, but their worship was a severe, even a slavish one, which the cunning of the priests made as extravagant as possible. But their religion or superstition was sufficiently definite to co-operate with the civil power, that of the chiefs and heads of families, in preserving law and order. These laws, of course, were unwritten; but there seems no doubt that they had penal arrangements with regard to theft, murder, adultery, and for offences against communal rights.

Although cannibalism has not been practised by the Samoans within European memory, and never, apparently, from the mere love of human flesh, which was the case with the Fijians, there is no doubt that during their many wars they did occasionally cook and eat the body of an enemy. This, however, seems to have been done not so much to gratify appetite as to show the climax of hatred and revenge. To threaten a Samoan with roasting is to apply to him the foulest insult. On the other hand, the vanquished in a war will testify submission to the victor by bringing wood for fire, stones for ovens, and split bamboos for knives to the victors, which means, "Here, we are your pigs, to be eaten if you please, and here are the knives to cut us up with." To humiliate an enemy or a malefactor, he would sometimes be bound, slung on a pole, and carried to one of the pits, or earth-ovens, where the cooking is done, within which he would be placed for a time, although the fire was not lighted. All this, however, would seem to point to the probability that in the very distant past cannibalism was more frequent in Samoa than it has ever been in recent times.

The men tattooed themselves elaborately, but not the women. The reason of this is thus explained: Taama and Tila (the Goddesses of Tattoo) once swam from Fiji, in order to teach the Samoans the craft, and they were ordered to sing all the way, that they might not forget their mission, "Tattoo the women, but not the men." The way was long and the water cold, so they got "mixed," and arrived in Samoa singing, "Tattoo the men, but not

the women." This little mistake made all the difference in Samoan life, for it became the rule that no young man was considered to have attained his majority, or to be entitled to common rights and privileges, until he had been tattooed. The process was tedious and painful, and although still practised to some extent, is dying away with the introduction of European clothing. The men, indeed, are glad to evade the painful operation, seeing that its results can no longer make them distinguished in the eyes of all observers.

The natives are said to number now about thirty-five thousand, and they are more or less Christianised. The London Missionary Society has been working among them since 1830. Previous to that almost nothing was known of the islands. They were discovered, as has been said, by Roggewein. He was a Dutchman, and was there about 1722. Then Bougainville paid a visit in 1768, and La Perouse in 1787. Captain Cook does not appear to have actually visited the islands, but he heard of them when at the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, about 1773, and about eighteen years later they were visited by Her Majesty's ship Pandora. The missionaries, however, were the first to offer us reliable information about the islands and the people.

There are ten inhabited and a large number of small, uninhabited islands. The largest of the group is Savaii, which is about one hundred and fifty miles in circumference; the next, Upolu, which is one hundred and thirty miles in circumference, and the next, Zutuila, which is eighty miles in circumference. The rest of the ten are small affairs, containing from ten to eighty square miles each. The total area of the group was estimated by Captain Wilkes at about one thousand six hundred and fifty square miles. All the islands are of volcanic origin, and some are surrounded by coral reefs. The mountains rise on Savaii to a height of one thousand five hundred feet; on Upolu, to two thousand, and on Tutuila, to three thousand feet. The islands are well covered with rich tropical vegetation, and present scenery of the most enchanting beauty. The soil is extremely fertile, and the climate is mild and agreeable, although somewhat relaxing. Elephantiasis and leprosy used to be common among the natives, but are said by Dr. Turner to be now greatly abating. On the other hand, pulmonary complaints are increasing among them, owing to the introduction of clothing.

This seems so curious that it needs explanation. Instead of clothing the islanders were accustomed to rub their skins with oil, but now they wear a cotton shirt or a cotton gown. These garments, of course, often get wet, but they are never taken off to dry, and the people sit and sleep in them, no matter how damp they may be. So, in spite of their large limbs, big chests, and naturally splendid physique, and in spite of the lovely climate, consumption and pulmonary complaints of all kinds are very prevalent.

It has been usual to call the Samoans an indolent race; but they are, at least, more active than the Fijians and than South Sea Islanders generally. A friend of the present writer, who has been long resident in Samoa, assures him that it is a mistake to call any of the Polynesians lazy, merely because they do not care to work hard for the whites. Imagine, for instance, the case of the Samoan. For five months of the year he has as much bread-fruit as he cares for, while all the year round he has bananas, which, like the bread-fruit, grow on for ever without cultivation. Besides these he can, with very little trouble, grow tares and other roots for variety, while others only have to be gathered. He has also cocoa-nuts all the year round, and other fruits in their season; his wife and children can catch in an hour or two a boatload of fish. Naturally he has no care for the future, and therefore no inducement to work. His wants are few, and they are supplied almost without labour.

The Samoan houses of to-day are the same as have been in use for ages. In construction they resemble a beehive in shape, are raised from the ground by posts at intervals of four feet, and they will measure, perhaps, thirty-five feet in diameter and one hundred feet in circumference. The spaces between the posts answer the purposes of doors and windows, and are closed at night with cocoa-leaf mats or blinds, but through the day are all left open to the free play of air and light. The floor is composed of several inches of rough stones, upon which is placed a layer of smooth pebbles, carpeted with—first, a layer of cocoa-leaf mats, and then a layer of the fine mats which are the pride and wealth of the people. Some of the native mats are almost priceless in value; that is to say, nothing will induce the owners to part with them if they have been in the family for generations. The roof of the house is supported by two or

three posts, twenty feet long, and sunk deep into the earth. The rafters form a species of cage-work of bread-fruit wood, very neat and ingenious. Outside, the roof is carefully thatched with sugar-cane leaves, strung on to long reeds, which hang over the leaves. This, also, is very pretty and ingenious, but the disadvantage is that the leaves stand straight up during a gale of wind. The object of the circular roof is that it can be removed bodily, and transported by canoe, when the family wishes to "fit." The house contains only one apartment, but at night the inmates are separated by the erection of low tents of native cloth, strung up to the roof. For beds, four or five mats are piled together, and for pillows, a piece of thick bamboo, raised upon short feet, about three inches from the floor. A mat, or a sheet of native cloth, forms the covering of the sleeper. The fireplace is in the centre, but it is not used for cooking—merely for lighting up the place at night. The cooking is all done upon stones in the earth-ovens before-mentioned. The whole establishment is put together on co-operative principles—one friend giving his labour, another wood, another mats, another cloth, and so on. Generally, however, a professional builder is employed to put things together. He has no specific charge, but relies upon the generosity of the family and their friends.

There is not much private property among the Samoans, who cling with tenacity to their old system of common interest in everything—everything, at any rate, which requires co-operative effort or labour to produce or obtain, is common property. This system has some advantages, but it has also great disadvantages, the most serious of which is the clog which it forms to individual progress. At the same time it annihilates poverty. There is always shelter and food for the aged, the sick, and the infirm. "A stranger," said Dr. Turner, "may at first sight think a Samoan one of the poorest of the poor, and yet he may live ten years with the Samoan and not be able to make him understand what poverty really is in the European sense of the word. 'How is it?' he will always say. 'No food? Has he no friends? No house to live in? Where did he grow? Are there no houses belonging to his friends? Have the people there no love for each other?'"

Civilisation has not, in the opinion of the writer's friend, improved the moral



condition of the Samoans. They are a race of communists, and are constantly holding public meetings, at which presents are exchanged and kindnesses reciprocated. They are naturally a hospitable people, and are always willing to share what they have with a stranger. But they are gradually learning the value of trade, which means to them "nothing for nothing," where foreigners are concerned. Their natural bent towards lying and trickery has not been eradicated by Christianity, and even the most ostentatiously Christianised of them will exhibit no shame when found out. It is probable that, like most primitive races, they will die away before the advance of the foreigner.

For some twenty years previous to 1881 the islands were in a constant state of civil war, the object of rival factions being to obtain possession of Apia, which was always looked upon as the seat of government. These wars were not very deadly, and meant usually the marching about of large bodies of men and women, who ravaged the cocoanut and bread-fruit groves of their opponents. In 1881, however, the whites interfered, as damage was being inflicted on lands which they had lawfully acquired from the natives. Then Malieto was declared king for seven years, with Tomaseu, the chief of the opposite party, as vice-king. Peace has since prevailed, and the interests of foreigners conserved by a municipal board, composed of the British, American, and German consuls, and representative settlers of each nationality. Under this system law and order have been preserved, and the security to life and property has been almost complete.

In 1878 and 1879, the several Governments of the United States, Germany, and Great Britain concluded treaties with the Government of Samoa, which, among other things, decree that Samoa shall give to no other power rights in excess of those granted to the several contracting parties. Thus additional privileges granted to any one of the treaty powers would be a breach of treaty in respect of the other two.

For some fifty years or more, prior to 1872, the trade of the islands was almost entirely in the hands of the firm of Godeffroy and Company, of Hamburg. This great firm was almost a political organisation, and ruled things in the South Pacific much as the East India Company used to do in India. They had resident agents and stores on every island where trade was

to be done; they concluded treaties with the chiefs; they kept a fleet of vessels constantly coming and going; they acquired land by all sorts of methods, and they had plantations and factories of all kinds. After the Franco-German war, this firm collapsed, and a company was formed to carry out the Samoan branch of their business. But other foreigners had gradually settled in the islands, and the Germans are no longer in a majority there. Of a total of about two hundred and fifty white residents, fully one hundred are British, seventy-five Germans, thirty Americans, twenty Scandinavians, and twenty-five are of various nationalities. The total acreage of the group is about eight hundred thousand acres, of which two hundred and forty thousand acres belong now to Britons, two hundred and ten thousand to Americans, and only eighty thousand to Germans.

The trade of the islands is no longer monopolised by Hamburg. Of a total import value of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, fifty thousand pounds comes from Sydney, forty thousand pounds from San Francisco, twenty thousand pounds from Auckland, and not ten thousand pounds from Hamburg. The exports are of the value of about seventy thousand pounds annually, and consist of about four thousand tons of coprah, and two thousand bales of cotton.

Coprah is the dried kernel of the cocoanut, and is shipped to Sydney and London for the manufacture of cocoanut-oil. The imports are materials for clothing, timber, tinned meats and preserved provisions generally, petroleum-oil, hardware, flour, biscuits, and lager-beer. Of this last item it is said that the foreigners in Samoa consume more per head than any other community; but it is certainly infinitely preferable to the "square gin" which used to be a favourite poison of the whites in Polynesia.

The greater portion of the foreigners reside in Apia, where are also the consular offices. Apia is on the island of Upolu, and at the head of a bay which for beauty is said to exceed anything known to travellers, and to throw into second places even such exquisite scenes as the Bay of Naples and the Bay of Sydney.

Although, as we have said, cotton and coprah form at present almost the entire exports, the islands are, beyond doubt, capable of producing a variety of other produce. The experiments instituted by Godeffroy and Company proved that both

soil and climate are admirably adapted to the cultivation of wheat, coffee, tobacco, sugar-cane, rice, jute, chinchona, etc. The great difficulty is that which hampers Fiji—labour. The Samoans will not work, and the British Government will not allow their subjects to import labour, at least in the present uncertain political condition. The Germans have been accustomed to import Polynesians from the Kingsmill Islands, and even from New Britain, but the supply has been decreasing, and last year was only about one half of what it was three or four years ago.

With regard to annexation, which assumed such prominence by the recent action of the New Zealand Government in telegraphing home for authority to appropriate the group, our latest intelligence is to the effect that the natives are not particularly anxious to be annexed by any nation, but they dread and dislike the German officials. It was in fear of them that King Malietoa petitioned New Zealand to come and take possession. It is not generally known that in 1883 the King sent a letter to our Queen, which is rather a curiosity in its way. It ran as follows :

"TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,  
VICTORIA QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND.

"Capital of Samoa, Mulinuu,  
November 19, 1883.

"YOUR MAJESTY,—I write this letter to your Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, because I wish to bring my petition to your notice. I know well that you have a regard for me, because you are in the habit of sending visitors to me—great chiefs of your Government—year after year, and they always tell me of the good wishes of your Majesty. Your Majesty, I write this letter, being certain of your regard for me and love of right, and because I have seen and heard that the other nations, both white and black, which are under your Majesty's Government, have happiness in this world, and have no more trouble nor fear, but have peace in their lives. Therefore I wish to be under your arm. I wish to tell you my mind, to be under the flag of your Government. I, and three quarters of the chiefs and people of Samoa, wish to see put up the flag of Great Britain at once. I should be very glad and thankful to your Majesty if you would send one or two chiefs of your Government that we can talk face to face, and that we can tell them our wishes for the British flag to be set up in our

kingdom the same as you have done in Fiji. Your Majesty, I hope that I shall have an answer according to my wish. I hope God will take care of you and your people.—I am,

(Signed) "MALIETOA, KING OF SAMOA."

Whether this actually represented the views of all the chiefs at the time one can hardly say, but at any rate it resulted in no reply. The next year, however, fear of the Germans produced united action, which resulted in the dispatch of the following petition :

"TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,  
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

"YOUR MAJESTY,—We are the kings and chiefs of Samoa who write to your Majesty, to pray and entreat you to receive our request. It is now nearly a year ago since our King wrote to give over to your Majesty the sovereignty of Samoa. We have been very anxiously waiting for an answer, but no answer has been received. Your Majesty, great is our regard for your government. We know well our people will be protected, and we shall have peace under your rule. Therefore we entreat your Majesty that our anxiety may be relieved, which arises from our earnest desire that Samoa may be given over to your government. It is entirely at the disposal of your Majesty as to whether it is better for us to become an English colony, or be connected with the Government of New Zealand. Your Majesty, our hearts are grieved, and our fear is very great indeed with regard to other Governments who desire to take possession of our country, which is not according to our wish. We therefore hope your Majesty will speedily come to our assistance and save us, in accordance with the sentiments in our request. We wish to make it clearly understood to your Majesty, we, the kings and chiefs of Samoa, that we give over our country to the rule of the Government of Great Britain, and we rely on the Government of your Majesty to protect our people. We hope and pray to God that your Majesty and your Government may prosper.

"(Signed) MALIETOA (king), TAPUA (vice-king), and fifty-two chiefs."

The Germans, it seems, were very angry with Malietoa for throwing himself into the arms of England, and some of them have been trying to stir up the rival chiefs to dethrone him. Thereupon resulted a third

petition to the Queen, and also a despatch to the Government of New Zealand. After this arrangements were made between Lord Granville and Prince Bismarck for a joint commission to consider this and other matters connected with the progress of each nation in the Pacific. The result of that commission we mentioned at the outset.

The foreigners generally, excepting the Germans, are rather inclined to allow things to remain as they are, if the status quo be sufficiently guaranteed. But if that cannot be, even the Americans would prefer to see the British flag hoisted rather than the German, because they know it would ensure for them the greater measure of freedom. And not all the residents of German birth are wishful for German annexation, because many of them have evaded the military laws, and have no liking for the idea of being placed under them again.

Thus matters remain at present on one of the fairest and most fertile spots on the face of the earth.

### THE AUXILIARY NAVY.

A GENERAL feeling exists that all is not as it should be as regards our ascendancy upon the seas, and without going into the vexed question of the value in fighting power of our existing navy, it is evident to the most untechnical observer that the inventions of modern science have so far revolutionised the art of naval warfare that we can no longer rely solely upon a powerful fleet to preserve our shores from attack. We may fairly trust that, with all its defects—and many of the great sea-monsters on whose prowess we should have to rely in the event of a naval war are admittedly of an obsolete type—the British fleet would be a match for any that could be brought against it. But a prudent enemy would no doubt decline any challenge to come out in force and be smashed, and would probably rely on flying squadrons and swift detached cruisers to destroy our commerce and ruin our commercial ports, while trusting to mines and torpedoes to keep our heavily-armed ships at a distance. And it may be doubted whether it would now be possible for our fleet to maintain a rigorous blockade of the coasts of a powerful and determined enemy, which would bristle with torpedoes and submarine mines, while adventurous

craft would sally out in the dead of night, armed with the latest engines of destruction.

And if we fail in effectually blockading an enemy's ports, what protection have we against his attacks? What security have we against a sudden descent, or an attack upon our commercial ports that would paralyse our commerce; the effects of which might drive the trade of the world from our shores; which might bring home to our own doors some of the horrors of war from which our land has so long been exceptionally preserved?

As far as our present preparations go, it would be difficult to answer the question satisfactorily. Our great rivers and great ports are in the state of defence that might be expected after years of unbroken peace, and even the Thames, which is the best defended among them, and has forts which, properly armed, might be really formidable—even the Thames is not absolutely inaccessible to a resolute foe bent on destroying England's one arsenal and crippling all her strength at a blow. But what of the Mersey, with the untold wealth that lines its wharves? What of the Humber and the Trent, with their thriving commerce and their open shores, which seem almost to invite the incursions of a northern foe? What of the noble estuary where Bristol's warehouses are crammed with sugar and tobacco? And again, what of the rich and luxurious pleasure-cities on the coast, with their villas and public buildings, whose long rows of brilliant lights sparkling at night in the dark waves of the Channel, seem to form almost a continuous line from the North Foreland to Land's End, while they are sprinkled in brilliant patches all along our eastern and western coasts?

We must not fondly hug ourselves in the belief that we can appeal to the laws of nations to protect our undefended cities from attack. Whatever can damage an enemy and cripple his resources will always be deemed allowable by a hostile force. We ourselves have never been over particular in such matters. Whatever you can see and reach, bombard, was the good old rule and simple plan of our naval commanders in former wars, and we can expect no better treatment than we have given to others. There is no resort against the law of the strongest, when once the arbitrament of war is appealed to, and the utmost exhibition of lamb-like submission will always leave a pretext for the destroyer.

And yet the same change in the conditions of naval warfare which creates all this uncertainty as to the value of our armaments, has furnished us the means, if we choose to use them, of putting our coasts all round in a state of security, and that not by an expenditure of millions on cumbrous forts and iron-clad monsters, but by utilising the resources that lie ready to our hands.

We have the finest seafaring population in the world—fishermen, boatmen, and coasting sailors, apart from the class which sails on foreign voyages, men who mostly marry early and are averse from any engagements which carry them to distant parts and for indefinite periods, but who have abundance of courage and patriotism nevertheless. The records of our life-boat service testify to the former, while a certain intolerance of strangers and foreigners is, if not commendable in itself, nevertheless a good backbone for the latter.

Now this seafaring population is in a great measure excluded, from no fault of its own, but by force of circumstances, from any share in the defence of the country. For as a rule it is not from these classes that the navy is principally recruited. The great bulk of the boys who are trained into seamen come from London and our commercial cities. It is not the fisher-boy, but the errand-boy, to whom we must look as the embryo man-o'-war's-man. Smart lads—and they must be unexceptionable in physique and character—are continually being trained into smart seamen, and the result is a sailor who combines some of the best traditions of the British Tar with a disciplined intelligence and quickness quite remarkable. Happily the supply of the British boy is perennial and inexhaustible; so that, as far as the ordinary requirements of the service are concerned, any difficulty in manning the navy is a thing of the past. Then for emergencies we have the naval reserve, with a nominal complement of twenty thousand men, but rarely up to its full strength.

But for reasons shown above, the coast population does not care to join the reserve—which implies foreign service in time of war—even where eligible. But it is almost certain that if the opportunity were afforded them of volunteering for service in gunboats and torpedo-boats attached to their own ports and of cruising about their own coasts, they would gladly join the movement. Then there are numbers of young

fellows who take kindly to a half-aquatic existence, and who, in every possible interval of business or pleasure, are found in canoes or two-ton yachts, cruising, fishing, fowling, with a veritable enthusiasm for the sea which is almost peculiar to our island breed—and these might be looked to to furnish grist and enthusiasm to the rest. For instructors and commanders there is no lack of half-pay naval officers who would be only too glad of the chance of employment and distinction. Our rivers, again, would furnish an admirable class of men—boatmen, bargemen, and the like—admirable, that is, from a combative point of view, where amenity of manners is not a vital consideration—men accustomed to boats and often half-seafaring in character.

With all these we have the materials of a force—Naval Volunteers, Sea Fencibles, Royal Coast Brigade, a body of men who would soon compare in numbers and efficiency with their brethren of the land forces. Some difference will be necessary in the constitution of the naval force. The men who gain their living from sea or river must be paid for the time occupied in drill and training—rewards for efficiency must liberally be given—and the service dignified with ungrudging official recognition, while the administration, instead of being entirely centred in Whitehall, should be localised as far as possible.

But what is most wanted at the present moment is an Acting Committee composed of the best informed and most influential of the promoters of the movement, to visit the coast from John o' Groat's to Land's End, to put themselves en rapport with the leading citizens of the great commercial towns, to ascertain the wants of each district, and to estimate its resources in the way of voluntary force. Also it would be the duty of the Committee to obtain a guarantee from the Government of substantial assistance in the shape of gunboats and their armament, and at the same time to obtain the assistance of the great ship-building firms, and ascertain their capabilities of supplying vessels of the class needed. In this way our coast towns and seaports would be brought into connection with each other and the general Committee, and would know the amount of assistance they are able to exact from the Government and what they must supply from their own resources.

It is satisfactory to find that this important matter has been generally taken



up by public opinion. Already a force of the kind indicated is proposed for the defence of the Thames; and at an influential meeting at Willis's Rooms it was proposed to raise a considerable fund to assist in the establishment of a general naval defensive force. Here is a fair field for local patriotism, and we may hope to see, ere long, men of wealth and position vying with each other in providing the necessary armament for their district corps. If it were a question of providing heavy ironclad ships and their crews, it would be generally felt that this was beyond the scope of local effort. But the general opinion is that a swarm of midge-like craft, each with its sting in the shape of heavy gun or spar torpedo, would be a fair match for an ironclad squadron, while they would render the coast absolutely inaccessible to transports containing troops, or to any unarmoured cruiser.

All this has been condemned in advance by some critics as parochial warfare and a vestry navy, and if there were any danger of interfering with the scope of the Royal Navy or intercepting the sources of its supply of men, there would be some ground for the objection. But in every respect the new force will be an auxiliary one, essentially for coast and harbour defence, leaving the regular forces free to deal with navies in line of battle and undertake all offensive operations. There is no danger of civil war, we may assure such unfriendly critics. Yarmouth will not fall foul of the Cinque Ports, and the only rivalry between eastern and western men will be in point of general efficiency. All that is required from the Government is its countenance to the plan and a certain amount of assistance in money and war material. If it be urged that there is no public money available—well, we have heard of loans being raised for less laudable objects, and while in a general way the result of our heavy expenditure on warlike preparations has not always appeared commensurate with the cost, the small amount expended on the volunteer service has borne fruit, like the dragon's teeth of the classic legend, in thousands of armed men.

The same result will, no doubt, attend this latest movement to provide for our national defence, if it be not crippled by the discouragement of the organs of public opinion: a happy result that, once attained, may put an end to the periodic scares and panics that are so undignified in a strong and wealthy nation, and so pernicious in their consequences to our national welfare. Anyhow, we shall have done our

best, and if misfortune comes upon us we can take it fighting, like the Yankee preacher.

If the great commercial ports take up the matter with anything like the spirit with which we credit them, the success of the movement is assured. Liverpool alone could furnish forth a formidable volunteer gunboat squadron, and Manchester, which also hopes to be a port before long, should compete in friendly rivalry in the task of rendering impregnable the great estuary of the Mersey. The Welshmen might be trusted to defend their own coasts and harbours, and the men of the western coasts would show themselves worthy descendants of the countrymen of Hawkins and Drake, and, like them, be ready to meet the strongest armadas that may come against them. The old flag of the Cinque Ports may once more be seen upon the seas, and the creeks and inlets of Essex may have their little hornet fleet ready to sally out. The Thames, with the wealth of London on its shores, should furnish forth a goodly show, and the bold seamen of East Anglia would not be far behind. The Humber, with the rich Yorkshire towns that lie behind it, should supply a fair contingent; Tees and Tyne, with their wealth of coal and iron, would not be found wanting either. Then there are the hardy seamen of the Scottish coasts, the men of Ultima Thule, and the fishermen of the Isles—all these are to be counted upon to swell the ranks of the volunteer navy.

At the same time—while the chief reliance of our defensive force would be upon gunboat and torpedo work, and each port should have at least two small, well-armoured gunboats, carrying one or more heavy guns, so as to go out and meet an enemy's ship at sea, as well as torpedo craft to deal with any ironclad threatening an attack—land batteries should not be neglected, to support the boats with their fire, and to protect them if forced to retire to refit or repair damages. There would be no danger then of losing touch of our enemy, we should feel him all along the coast, and let us hope that he would feel us too, every creek and bay letting loose its gruffly-barking hounds to join the chase.

And let no one talk of the decadence of England if this movement of national defence be carried through, but rather of her renewal and revival, that she has come back to her old strength, and once more found the talisman of national greatness.

There is time for it all, if we make haste, but there is no time to be lost. There is a lull for a time, the clouds have opened and the storm seems to have passed over, but that is all the more reason why we should all strive to make the old ship right and tight and seaworthy. When the storm is once upon us we shall have to make the best of her as she is, with all her defects, and sink or swim accordingly.

#### PASSION-FLOWERS.

SHE takes them from the warm south side  
Of her fair house at eventide ;  
Her fragile fingers blend  
The flowers for graveyard wreath and cross,  
Symbolic of a love and loss  
Whereof she knows no end.

Far, far behind her in the haze  
Of years and tears, those early days  
Of love and sorrow lie.  
She was a wife ; on one true breast,  
Her troubled girlhood found a rest  
In glad security.

Together in youth's morning-time,  
Their hearts rang true to true love's chime,  
Through never-weary hours ;  
Together, standing in the sun,  
They pulled with gladness, one by one,  
Love's purple passion-flowers.

But death stole grimly to their side,  
And reft the bridegroom from the bride.  
Her marriage coronet  
Was scarcely laid with blushes down,  
Ere on her curls of chestnut-brown,  
The widow's cap was set.

She was a wife, true wife to one  
Whose noble race was swiftly run ;  
And, faithful to love's creed,  
She, made a widow in her youth,  
Hath kept her first, her fairest truth,  
And widowed is indeed.

He left her lonely, when the springs  
Of life were fullest, when love clings  
With passion to its mate.  
She dropped the purple flowers of love  
Among the grass that waved above  
His grave—and learned to wait.

She gave him all she had in life,  
Her fair, fond self, a perfect wife,  
With dower of hope and youth ;  
She gives him all she has in death,  
Her chaste, white life, untouched by breath  
Or hint against her truth.

She waits. No longest year shall bring  
To her a second spousal ring,  
No other marriage hours ;  
She waits, until by Eden's tide,  
The bridegroom gathers for his bride,  
The fadeless passion-flowers !

#### TUNNELLING THE ALPS.

FORTY years ago, there was not much talk about tunnels, except about that strange nonsuch which Brunel had made under the Thames. The railway over the Semmering, opened in 1854, was astonishing everyone with its high

gradients ; but that a railway should be taken, at a comparatively low level, right through the heart of the mountain, was what very few as yet dreamed of. People went by the old passes—twenty thousand a year over the Great St. Bernard, the historic route which Hannibal may have crossed, and which Charlemagne went over in 773, and Barbarossa in 1106, and which, therefore, despite the cold—it freezes up there at midsummer—Napoleon chose in 1800 when he went across to fight the battle of Marengo. The St. Bernard needs its monastery, for, in the pass, the average winter fall of snow is twelve yards. The St. Gothard, more than a thousand feet lower, is a very popular road. It has an hotel as well as a monastery, and the diligence used to take twelve hours in crossing it. Seventy thousand was the yearly number of travellers, after the mere mule-track with which people had been content till 1820 was replaced by a good road, built at the cost of the two cantons of Uri and Ticino. It is worth while to take a good map, and look at the other passes along the whole semicircle of mountain. Two of them date as roads from Napoleon's time—the Mont Cenis, which took seven and a half million francs to alter from a mule-track to a proper road, with twenty-three houses of shelter along it ; and the Simplon, which cost eighteen millions (Italian money—aere italo, says the inscription in a gallery at the summit), and took five thousand workmen five summers to construct. The Simplon, in its old form, is said to have been one of the Roman passes ; the Splügen was the regular mediæval pass between Germany and Italy. Henry the Fourth, for instance, went by it to Canossa, to grovel at the feet of Pope Gregory the Seventh. Macdonald, the French general, took the same road in the winter of 1800, losing whole files of his men by the avalanches.\*

The Stelvio—Stilfzer Joch, the Germans call it—is the highest of all the passes, nearly three thousand feet higher than the St. Gothard, and was not completed till 1824, at a cost of seven and a half millions of francs. Despite all the

\* He was much more unfortunate than Lecourbe, who, the winter before, took his army over the Bernardino by what was then nothing better than a mule-track. But, then, Macdonald had snow-storms, and the old trackway led through the frightful gorge of the Cardinel, just the place for an avalanche to do its worst in. The new road prudently avoids this.

galleries and shelter-houses, it is a very dangerous winter road. The Brenner, from Innsbruck to Verona, is the lowest of the chief Alpine passes. The road was made by the Austrian Government as long ago as 1772, along the line marked out by the Roman beacon-towers, for this was the regular way from Italy to Rhaetia. It is, in point of scenery, the ugliest of all Alpine roads until you get down to Maria Theresa's triumphal arch and the suburbs of Innsbruck. Its railway was opened in 1867, and is a marvel of engineering skill, with its twenty-two tunnels—the longest nearly one thousand yards—and sixty viaducts. Some of the curves are very sharp; several of the tunnels are curved, and the steepest gradients are twenty-five per thousand. The Semmering Railway dates thirteen years before the Brenner, and is part of the line from Vienna to Trieste. Here the gradients are still steeper, the maximum being thirty per thousand, and the longest tunnel is more than one thousand five hundred yards. It is one of the grandest lines in existence, leaping from point to point just where the precipices are wildest. The trains take four times as long as they do on the level; but, except in the tunnels, one always wishes they would take longer, so that one might have more time to admire the magnificent scenery.

Of course, when you have made a short tunnel, a long one is only a question of time and expense. The idea of boring Mont Cenis was started as long ago as 1841 by the Savoyard, Médail. He surveyed the ground, and showed that by the Frejus Pass the distance would be nine miles, and the work would take thirty-six years with the unimproved hand-borer of the time. Charles Albert was very anxious to get a road which should throw Savoy and Piedmont together, but his defeat at Novara, in 1848, put a stop to the project. Meanwhile, tunnels had been growing. In 1854, the date of the Semmering, the tunnel of Giovi, nearly three thousand five hundred yards, on the Genoa and Turin line, was engineered by Maus, a Belgian, who also had his plan for Mont Cenis. But the work did not begin till 1857, after the Sardinian engineer, Sommeiller, had invented his hydraulic borer, and our countryman, Bartlett, had shown how steam could be successfully applied to the same purpose. Modane is at the northern, Bardonnèche at the southern end of the tunnel. Victor Emmanuel and Cavour fired, by electricity, the first mine at the

former place, and the slow process of hand-boring—less than a yard a day—began. The Italian war put a stop even to this slow rate of progress; and not till 1861, at Bardonnèche, and two years later, at Modane, were the boring-machines set up. At first the rate was still slower than with the hand-borers; the men did not understand the machines, which, moreover, were not properly fixed. At last they got up a speed of nearly four yards a day, when "the stuff didn't turn agin them," as the Cornish miners say; but, on the Modane side, where there was a great deal of very hard quartzite, the rate was seldom much more than half that. Hence the meeting-place was not in the middle, but considerably nearer Modane. Both parties, however, kept pretty exactly on the same line, which to an outsider seems very difficult; when they met they were just a little more than a foot wrong. The work was very trying in that damp heat in which it is death to the white man to do anything that needs hard, steady labour. Sommeiller, the engineer, saw the tunnel complete (in December, 1870), but he did not live to see it used for trains; the railway was not opened till September, 1871, and he died in the July of the same year. This tunnel cost thirty-six million francs, and was finished nine years sooner than was expected. Indeed, so little was done till 1862, that we may say it took less than eleven years making. Of course, having got Savoy, France became largely interested in the railway. She paid half the cost, and gave Italy a large bonus for every year gained on the estimated twenty-five. The tunnel has a steep rise of twenty-two per thousand to the middle, after which it slopes very gently towards Italy. Properly speaking, it ought to be called the Frejus Tunnel. The real Mont Cenis is nearly twenty miles to the north-east, and over it runs the wonderful railway, in which the carriages hang like a cradle on a Himalayan rope-bridge, built by our countrymen—engineer Fell, and contractor Brassey. Of this marvellous work the little Righi Railway, which almost every Swiss tourist goes up, is a toy model. It needs some nerve to take the trip. Two parallel wires supported at intervals upon iron poles, with a basket on wheels hanging between them, does not impress the looker-on with a sense of security. You think what would happen if a wire broke, or a wheel got "off the rails" in going over some valley with an Alpine torrent rushing down it; and you

wonder when the ropes were last tested, and whether the company would pay damages in case of an upset. But what is the Righi rail, which is over almost before you have got used to it, compared to Fell's line over the Cenis? One cannot help feeling sorry that it does not work now; they tried it for a time against the tunnel, but even tourists so generally preferred the quicker route that the open-air line did not pay. It will, however, be the parent of many an Alpine line, for the cost of tunnelling is so tremendous, that we have probably seen the last of it, so far as the Alps are concerned. The St. Gothard tunnel cost the enormous sum of over sixty millions of francs. Even the Arlberg tunnel cost forty millions; and people who think nothing of eleven millions sterling for killing many Arabs and losing many precious English lives in the Soudan, cry out as if the world was coming to an end at the proposal to spend a modest two millions sterling (i.e., fifty millions of francs) on anything like a tunnel or a canal.

A tunnel from Switzerland to Italy had been talked of since 1848—these ideas always crop out in revolutionary times—but the difficulty was which Alp to choose. Switzerland was much too poor to do the work alone; and France, Germany, and Austria each wished, of course, for the road nearest them. The unification of Italy, in 1860, threw Austria out of the running; but France and the French-speaking cantons, with Geneva at their head, went in strongly for the Simplon, or, rather, the Monte Leone, which would have been a third longer than the St. Gothard; but which, as its elbow-shape gives the chance of a good ventilating-shaft, would probably not have been so fatal to the workmen employed.

The death-rate amongst the St. Gothard workers was very high. The German is an idle fellow at bottom—see how they have been lately forced to get Italians to do road-making in the Rhineland; the native preferring to smoke his pipe and look on, to "working at starvation wages," as he called them. The German-Swiss is a German exaggerated, and thinks that his life is far too valuable to be risked in a stifling tunnel where dynamite is freely going about. Both of them prefer emigrating, and getting a good location among their compatriots in America. So the greater part of the St. Gothard was wrought by Italians, of whom the total number killed and disabled will never be known.

A hundred and fifty were killed and four hundred wounded by the earth caving in, the water bursting out, the blasting going wrong. Of diseases, anemia was the most fatal; but gastric-fever, loss of appetite, palpitation, all did their work. Altogether the loss was quite equal to that of a fair-sized battle—the General, M. Favre of Geneva, friend and adviser of M. de Lesseps in regard to the Panama Canal, dying on the battle-field more than two years before the victory was won. This is a heavy "butcher's bill"; but then the world has a splendid and useful work to show for it.

Of course it was the Franco-Prussian War, and the consequent formation of the German Empire, which gave the St. Gothard the pull over any rival plan. It was talked of in 1866, after Sadowa; and again, three years after, Bismarck had a conference about it at Varzin. France grumbled and talked of making the thing a *casus belli*; but the campaign was soon opened which was decided at Sedan, and France fell very far into the background. The tunnel was begun in October, 1872, at Goschenen on the Swiss, and Airolo on the Italian side. Thanks to improved machinery, the Mont Cenis rate of work was more than doubled, the whole thing taking not much over seven years; but for nearly a year after its completion there were such constant cavings in and outbursts of subterranean rivers that no use could be made of it. Then for six months longer it was used only irregularly, and chiefly for goods trains. The borers were worked by air compressed by hydraulic power, the Reuss at Goschenen and the Ticino at Airolo providing this in abundance. Some of the rock was so hard that ordinary steel was of very little use; and the temperature was considerably higher than that of Mont Cenis. The loss of M. Favre, who died at the works, in July, 1879, was due to the heat, so much more unbearable because of the dampness.

But after all, what are these losses compared with the slaughter above ground on the St. Gothard in the autumn and winter of 1799, when it was Austrians against French, and French against Russians, and (as the Highlander says) "Diel tak' him that has the shortest claws!" First, Lecourbe and Loison drove the Austrians up the Reuss as far as their entrenchments at the Devil's Bridge, which they "rushed," but not till their enemies had had time to put a few kegs of powder



under the arch. It was blown up while the fighting was going on over the key-stone, and hundreds of mutilated corpses were flung into the abyss. The French sent a party round the head of the pass, took the Austrians in rear, and cleared them out of the Reuss Valley; but five weeks later Suvaroff came down with his Russians. At the summit of the St. Gothard Pass the French riflemen had got such good positions, that they stopped Suvaroff's grenadiers. "Dig me a grave," cried the indignant old general, "here at the head of the column." When it was done, he lay down in it, saying: "My children, I don't stir from this spot till you have beaten those fellows out. If you fail, this will be Suvaroff's burying-place." The grenadiers, thus shamed, went at it again and again, and at last swept the French before them. They say (but Jomini says it is a myth) that the Russians patched up the Devil's Bridge with wooden beams, tied together with officers' scarves. Anyhow, they drove the French out just as these had driven out the Austrians; and serve them right, for while they held the pass they had completely gutted the hospice, using every particle of its timber for fuel, and thereby causing misery to any poor creatures who might attempt anything but a summer crossing till the hospitable building set up in the thirteenth century by the Abbot of Disentis, and enlarged in the seventeenth by St. Carlo Borromeo, should be restored.

But I am forgetting the tunnel, as one may well do where the aboveground is so interesting as it is at the St. Gothard. Of the cost, nearly half was borne by Italy, Germany and Switzerland contributing about a quarter each; but the tunnel itself cost somewhat less than a quarter of the whole work. There are, between Immensee, on the lake of Zug, and Goschenen, thirty-one galleries and small tunnels, and twenty-nine between Airole and Chiasso, and of these the total is double the length of the grand tunnel. Many of these little tunnels are curved, some of them are looped, to avoid impossible differences of level, and, as the gradient is often very steep—though the grand tunnel itself is nearly level—very powerful locomotives are needed to keep a grip on the rails. Through the tunnel the time is twenty-five minutes; and the Reuss Valley, along the shores of the Lucerne and Zug lakes, and then upwards from Fluelen, is equalled in grandeur and surpassed in beauty by the scenery on the Italian side down to Bellinzona and the

borders of Lakes Maggiore and Lugano. No wonder it is the favourite route for those who want to see as much as they can of Europe before starting for the East from Brindisi.

But it was not for the sake of passengers that the three nations spent between them, on the railway and its approaches, nearly ten millions sterling. The whole goods traffic, not from Germany and Switzerland only, but from northern France, as far west as Paris, takes this route. Frenchmen are good patriots; but he must be better than good who will pay a shilling a ton for having his wares taken through the Swiss-French tunnel when he can get them carried for ninepence along the Swiss-German line. Paris suffers, for Germany can undersell her more than ever, and can swamp the Italian markets with the "bimbloterie"—the more costly kinds of which are "articles de Paris"—now made at Nuremberg and other places in the Fatherland. Marseilles suffers still more, and has been petitioning the French Chamber of Commerce on the subject of cheaper through rates for goods along the French lines. Even her corn trade is seriously menaced, for a great deal of the corn destined for Italy and south and west Germany passed through her, but can now be got cheaper through Antwerp or Hamburg, or even through Genoa and Trieste. We, too, suffer. The through rates for coal along the St. Gothard line have been reduced with the view of driving us out of the North Italian market. Already tourists are crying out against the great dépôts of German coal at Locarno and Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, while a line of Italo-German steamers is to run from Genoa to Barcelona and to Spain in general, so as still more completely to put Marseilles "out of it." The three countries admirably supply each other's wants. Germany sends all kinds of manufactures, from beer to locomotives, and plenty of raw produce as well. Switzerland exports any quantity of cotton, silk, and linen goods, besides dresses and condensed milk, and firewood as well, and wood-carvings. Italy has to offer wine, fruits, eggs, fat cattle, rice, jewellery, and objects of vertu. Between them they are pretty well independent of the rest of the world, and as their rates are low, they are getting a good hold on the world's carrying trade as well. Thus foreign wool for the Saxon towns, instead of being unshipped at Marseilles, and then sent across the frontier, is now

taken to Genoa, and goes north by the St. Gothard.

Austro-Hungary, however, is determined not to suffer any longer from the Swiss-German-Italian monopoly. She has set up a way of her own, and has thereby brought France also into direct communication with the East. Early in 1880 she signed a convention with France and Switzerland about a tunnel through the Arlberg to join Innsbruck and Bludenz. The Arlberg chain separates the Rhine and Danube valleys, and the new line joins the Swiss railways at Bludenz. It has its apparatus of little tunnels, galleries to guard against avalanches, etc., the main tunnel being some twelve thousand yards long. It was opened in June, 1884, three years and a half after the machines had begun to work, experience having taught that the boring is much quicker done by beginning at the bottom instead of the top. The rock, too, was mica-schist throughout, instead of being in great part gneiss as in the St. Gothard. On the Tyrolese side it was worked with the percussion borer of Ferroux and Cecconi; on the Swiss side with one invented by Brandt. Ferroux had taken the lead at St. Gothard after Favre died. His is an air-engine, the air being compressed by water-power. Brandt's borer acts by hydraulic pressure alone, and was found to be the more serviceable of the two, its work amounting to one thousand five hundred horse-power, against from eight to nine hundred from the air engine. Three years to the day were spent in piercing the mountain, and the trains were running through within six months after. The cost was forty millions of francs—wages have gone up during the decade since the Mont Cenis tunnel was made, but the main item of extra expense is a brick lining. The rock was scarcely anywhere solid enough to do without this. Besides forming the last link in the old, old road between east and west, from Constantinople through Ulm and Ratisbon across to France, the Arlberg line is of local value. Bludenz, whose people have had to migrate every winter, because their upland valley will grow little except cherry-trees, will be glad to exchange its kirschwasser against Hungarian wheat, but it is to be hoped this quaint corner of Europe will not have its tourists, although the iron-horse is now ready to carry them past without stopping. Ethnologically, the people are remarkable; they spoke Romansch till the sixteenth century, and the names of most of the places and

some of the natural features (e.g., the Scesa Plana) are still Romansch. But everybody now speaks German, which, as there is no record of any great Teutonic immigration or dying out of the old stock, is remarkable. Perhaps the change may be due to the neighbourhood of the pass, along which there has always been much carrying to and fro of merchandise between Trieste and Switzerland. This Arlberg Pass is an old favourite. It often has twenty feet of snow in the winter, and is seldom free for more than the three months from July to October. The gloomy monotony of its fir-woods makes it look more Tyrolese than Swiss. Look at its hospice, if you go over it. It was built by a poor foundling, Henry Findelkind, cowboy to a farmer of those parts. He was so moved by the sight of the dead people, their eyes picked out and their faces torn by birds, that he determined, with the help of God and St. Christopher, to do something to help them. In ten years' service he saved fifteen gulden, and with this small sum he began, rescuing seven travellers the first winter. In the summer he wandered over Europe asking alms, and got many princes to enrol themselves in the brotherhood of St. Christopher's Hospice. Before he died, he had saved at least fifty lives. The carriage-road is older than most; it dates from that Joseph the Second whose praises, as "the good despot," Goethe sings so enthusiastically—"Yes, he was a despot, truly, Such a despot as the sun; Who, untired, dispensing blessings, Hastes his genial course to run."

I do not know whether the opening of this line will do us any harm. Already we get doors and windows ready-made from Norway. In the Arlberg country the people make wooden houses which take to pieces, and can be packed and sent anywhere. Perhaps, by-and-by, we shall have these imported to set up as model cottages.

But the Alps are not likely to have any more tunnels yet a while. The French keep agitating about the Simplon, which, after all, would not suit them a quarter as well as the St. Gothard suits Germany. An enthusiastic Swiss engineer, M. Huber, kept going, a year ago—perhaps keeps going still—the Bulletin Mensuel du Tunnel du Simplon, in which he tried to rouse the French by showing how well the St. Gothard was paying, and how largely it was tapping their trade; but where is the money to come from? Besides, it would do

no good to the French Mediterranean ports, and would not be on French soil in any part of its course. That is why another set of projectors goes in for Mont Blanc, which would be only another Mont Cenis route, while another set proposes to tunnel the great St. Bernard at as high an elevation as the North and Central Pacific lines, or that from Calcutta to Darjeeling. This would be literally a rail and tunnel in the clouds; and there it is likely to remain, for France has many better ways of spending her money, even if she does not waste it in an attempt to get the provinces that she lost in 1871.

### SHILLINGBURY SKETCHES.

#### OUR GOOD MAN.

So often has the name of Mr. Winsor, the Squire of Skitfield, been mentioned in these papers, that it seems to me I should be leaving an important figure in Shillingbury life undescribed in not giving him a sketch all to himself; but, on the other hand, so much has been said of him incidentally, that I fear I have left but little to relate concerning him when posed for the central figure of the picture. But then a man like Mr. Winsor filled no inconsiderable space in English society as a whole, and to a certain section of the religious world the London season would have lost its great attraction if Mount Ephraim, Mr. Winsor's spacious and well-appointed house in the Regent's Park, had been closed. Looming thus large amongst the magnates of the metropolis, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Winsor should have soared a very mountain-peak over the heads of his insignificant surrounding neighbours in a country district like our own, and about such a man, in such a place, there must of necessity be many things to say; so I will take courage and set to work to describe, not indeed my own ideal "good man," but the good man conforming most closely to the standard of the philanthropic platform and of the Evangelical press.

Charles Ansonius Winsor was born in the last year of the last century. In his character and in his career he seemed specially destined to give the lie to all those theories which seek to establish the continuity of hereditary traits. The tastes and habits of his father, the early associations and influences of his home, were assuredly not those out of which one would expect to find springing a man whose name was

destined to be trumpeted forth, with the fullest blast that Exeter Hall could blow, as the munificent patron of missionary enterprise all over the world, and of all possible societies for the total abolition and utter extinction of most of those things in which the unregenerate chiefly delight: a man who, although not exactly a teetotaller himself, was loud in condemnation of drunkenness, and on the evils of gin-drinking in particular; and it would, perhaps, have been a trifle inconsistent had the senior partner in the great brewing firm of Winsor, Mudgebury, and Matlock condemned all malt liquors out of hand: a man who looked upon theatres and horse-racing and other less innocent forms of recreation as so many snares of the tempter, and nothing else. Those people who had any remembrance of his father, Mr. Thomas Winsor, or, as he was more familiarly known, Highflying Tom, were wont to say that the son must have been a changeling. In a placid and slow-moving world like that of Shillingbury, traditions of any sort have a wonderful vitality. The sayings and doings of very commonplace people who have gone over to the majority linger in the memory of the living, decade after decade, and, naturally, the words and deeds of Highflying Tom became a sort of legend, for he was by no means a commonplace person. Though not carrying social weight enough to be numbered amongst the immediate associates of George Prince Regent, our good man's father did his best to rival, in his own particular circle, the exploits of that delectable band. The portly figure of Highflying Tom was always to be seen at every prize-fight, or cocking-match, or horse-race, or badger-baiting, or dog-fight within a wide radius of the metropolis. He was a hard drinker at table, and a hard rider over the Essex country, in which he kept his horses, filling up his unoccupied leisure with the society of his grooms and stable-helpers, and the perpetration of gross practical jokes. The brewery he left to the care of his junior partners, and, though the people drank plentifully, and the business grew apace, it did not grow fast enough to fill the gaps in the capital made by Highflying Tom's extravagance, and it is highly probable that he would have died a beggar if he had not broken his neck in a run with the Essex fox-hounds. He left two children—a boy aged five, the Mr. Winsor with whom we have to deal, and a girl, afterwards married to



Sir Robert Matlock, one of the junior partners in the brewery firm.

By his will he left his two children under the guardianship of his wife, and of her brother, Mr. Josiah Grittle, a member of the Society of Friends. The mother was a weak-minded woman, in delicate health, who had been a mere cypher in the household during the life of her husband, and she now resigned herself entirely to the guidance of her brother in fulfilling the weighty charge in which they were jointly concerned. Her husband's habits and manner of life had given her much trouble, and there was good reason for this if half the stories related about the domestic irregularities of Highflying Tom were true. Mrs. Winsor had found her chief recreation in attending the services at St. George's, Bloomsbury; and when she was left a widow she moved, under the advice of her brother, to Clapham, where she took sittings in a church exactly to her mind, and now and then attended the Friends' meeting-house as well. As soon as her son was old enough, a young man of unimpeachable morals and sobriety was engaged as his tutor, and in due course he was sent to Cramleigh Castle School, an establishment then in great favour amongst the nobility and gentry of a serious turn.

Thus the subject of the present memoir was removed at an early age from all the deleterious influences to which he would infallibly have been subjected had his father merely broken his leg or arm, instead of his neck; but one outward and visible sign of the whims and tendencies of his parent he was fated to carry all his life through. A few weeks before the birth of his son and heir, Highflying Tom had netted a good round sum at Newmarket, over a race won by a horse named Ansonius, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of his family, he insisted that the new-born child should be named after the noble quadruped which had done him so good a turn. "And I only wish he may do as well as a man as Ansonius has done as a horse," was the remark he made afterwards at dinner to the Rev. Dr. Tickell, the divine who had just performed the sacred rite.

The young Ansonius remained at school till he was nearly twenty, and was then drafted straight into the counting-house of the firm without having had given to him any opportunity of germinating, in the course of a university career, any wild oats unconsciously latent in his nature. Every morning a neat brougham, driven by the soberest of coachmen, would deposit him

at the brewery gates, and there he would spend the day fathoming the mysteries of book-keeping by double entry, and later on in mastering the secret process whereby "Winsor's Entire" was concocted; learning how to blend the chemical elements into that seductive fluid which was known in the humbler walks of metropolitan life as "Mile End Knock-me-down." About three in the afternoon the brougham would be at the gate again, and Ansonius would be driven back to Clapham, finishing the afternoon, if the weather were fine, in calling with his mother upon some of their neighbours, or if unfavourable, in some home recreation suited to the disposition of a serious young man. He read whatever books had not been inscribed in the very comprehensive "index expurgatorius" of his Uncle Josiah. He played on an organ, which had been set up in what had once been the billiard-room of the house at Clapham. He was assistant secretary to three or four charitable societies of the complexion favoured by Clapham, and he had a mild taste for growing roses.

Certain youths there are of a temperament so balanced as to be able to possess their souls in patience under a discipline like the above, and to feed contentedly on such a regimen without hankering after the forbidden fruits of the frivolous world; fruits tabooed, indeed, but hanging, as a rule, well within the reach of an enterprising hand; but happily the above-named are not very numerous. According to a well-authenticated legend, Charles Ansonius Winsor was not to be numbered amongst them; though anyone, knowing only the moral citizen and middle-aged philanthropist, would have declared him incapable of making a moral stumble and much more of coming down on all-fours. Had I been told, in my youth, the story of any peccadillo on the part of our good man, I should have been just as incredulous. That a man of such prosperous-looking, benevolent, clean-shaven countenance, who walked up the aisle of Skitfield Church with such an air of righteous abasement, and read the responses in tones so mellow and at the same time so devout, should deviate one hair's-breadth from the straight path of good conduct at any period of his life, I should have regarded as impossible—just as impossible as that the Archangel Michael should have been caught stealing apples out of Farmer Wilkins's orchard. But illumination on this point did not come



to me till I had seen the manners and the cities of divers sorts of men, and learnt that the wisest and coolest heads may fail when temptation comes to them in the form under which it well-nigh vanquished the rugged virtue of St. Anthony, St. Senanas, and the like. Anyhow, there was a story, and the version of it most generally accepted in Shillingbury ran somewhat as follows:—

Amongst the charitable institutions favoured with the patronage of Mrs. Winsor and her worthy brother Josiah was a school in Bermondsey for the children of decayed watermen. As an institution it was fairly good of its kind, though to the contemporary believers in a system of organised charity it would, no doubt, have seemed a little unjust that the children of watermen, who had fallen to decay through taking life easy and spending an undue proportion of it in the public-house, should be well fed, and clothed, and taught, while the offspring of respectable Tom Tugs, who plied their wherries and paid their way, should have to face alone the hard fight with poverty. But to those who were not over curious as to remoter consequences, the school was a satisfactory institution. It had something to show for the money which was spent over it in the shape of rows of neat little girls and chubby little boys; it was an entertaining plaything for the worthy Clapham folk, and it furnished employment to two of their trusted dependents—Barzillai Chapman, who ruled the boys, and Anne Barnett, who looked after the little girls.

Under the kindly nurture of Mrs. Barnett, several generations of girls grew up—some of them, it is to be feared, destined to develop into wives of decayed watermen themselves in after life—but in the lapse of time the schoolmistress grew feeble and unfitted to discharge unaided the task of looking after a score of more or less unruly girls, so, with the full assent and concurrence of the ruling powers, she associated with herself in the management of the school her daughter Pleasance, who had, up to this time, been a lady's-maid in the service of a friend of Mrs. Winsor, a Mrs. Pettigrew, a lady whose principles were as correct as if she had lived at Clapham instead of in the more worldly and frivolous neighbourhood of Hyde Park Gardens. Pleasance Barnett was a fresh-looking, well-mannered girl of some twenty-six summers when she entered upon her new duties. She was not exactly good-looking, but she

was of that healthy, full-blooded type which is seldom unpleasant in a young woman. She set about her teaching work at once, and, although no doubt the hair of a school-manager of the present era would stand erect at the bare thought of a lady's-maid of one week being constituted an instructress of youth the next, she did well enough. She did not know much, it is true, but she possessed the faculty of imparting her slender stock of knowledge to her pupils, a faculty not always present, I believe, in instructors nowadays, who hold the highest certificates. What the little girls learnt was, probably, quite sufficient to equip them for their voyage through life, and not one of them fell a victim to "over-pressure" so long as Miss Pleasance was in office. Mrs. Winsor would visit the school almost every day; her brother, Josiah, looked in several times during the week; and young Mr. Charles would pay a visit of inspection now and then on his way home from the brewery. The latter, however, did not show quite so much interest in the school as his mother hoped he might have done; but there was some reason for this, as he had just set going the Bermondsey Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society and Provident Club, and spent a great part of his leisure in discharging the duties of honorary secretary to the same.

About a year after Miss Barnett's installation as assistant-teacher, she began to complain about her health, which had hitherto been of the strongest. She was a little paler than formerly, but there were few outward signs of serious mischief. Still she affirmed that she could not sleep, that she had constant headaches, and divers other symptoms of overwork; so one day her mother went to Mrs. Winsor and begged that Pleasance might be excused from her school duties for a time. She had been invited to stay a month with a former fellow-servant who was now married and living at Bideford, and she had no doubt that the spell of country air would quite restore her. Mrs. Winsor, of course, gave her consent, a substitute was found, and Miss Pleasance set out to regain her lost roses in the Devonshire air.

Meantime Mr. Charles was working very hard on behalf of the young men of Bermondsey, and a looker-on would have said that if those youths, after such exertions as he was making on their behalf, failed to mutually improve one another, or to lay by a competence against old age, they must

have been infected by something worse than mere human depravity. He lectured to them in the evening, and he imported other philanthropists as long-winded and as urgent as himself, to add their "few words" to his own exhortations. He fitted up and stocked a reading-room and library at his own cost, and even went so far as to start a coffee-shop under the very nose of the brewery of Winsor, Mudgebury, and Matlock. This last step provoked a protest from the more secular-minded members of the firm, who held that good malt liquor, such as they themselves provided, was the proper drink for Englishmen, and that there was far too much coffee and cocoa, and such like rubbish, drunk already; but they quieted themselves without reason. The beverage retailed at young Mr. Charles's house of entertainment was the coffee of the pre-coffee-tavern era, and few patrons paid it a second visit, so the shop, not turning out a commercial success, soon closed its doors.

Young Mr. Charles, however, was not to be disconcerted by one failure, and one morning he rather astonished his mother by informing her that he was going for a few days to Liverpool to study the working of a very successful Young Men's Institute there established. Mrs. Winsor had hardly ever yet known what it was to lose sight of her son for more than four-and-twenty hours, and she felt all that a good mother might be expected to feel under the circumstances; but her time was pretty well occupied in supervising the temporary regime at the girls' school, so she bade good-bye to her young hopeful without shedding tears, and told him to take every care of himself. In the course of a week she received from him a letter bearing the Liverpool post-mark, which told her how greatly he was pleased with his expedition, and how much knowledge he had gained on the subject of Young Men's Institutes since he had been in Liverpool. He would not, however, be back in Clapham quite so soon as he had expected. Mr. Simcox, the gentleman who had so kindly taken him about Liverpool, was going through Wales and had suggested that he should go likewise. They would reach Cardiff by Sunday, and there Mr. Charles would make a point of going to sit under the Rev. Silas Biley, the local divine, of whom he had so often heard his uncle Josiah speak in laudatory terms.

Then after three or four days there

came a letter from Tenby. The young traveller had caught rather a bad cold, and had been advised by a doctor at Swansea to go for a few days to the above-named watering-place to shake off his ailment. Another and another letter came. The cold was rather obstinate; but the writer felt so much the better for the mild air and the clear sky that he was unwilling to hurry back to the fogs and damps of London until he should be perfectly restored, much as he wished to see them all again. As an earnest of the mildness of the climate, he sent his mother a box of early violets and crocuses, which were already in full bloom in the garden of the hotel where he was staying.

But all this was nothing else than the deceitful calm before the storm—"The torrent's stillness ere it doth bellow;" for on a certain Sunday morning, just as Mrs. Winsor was gathering together her books of devotion, preparatory to going to church, a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, and out of it jumped Mr. Josiah Grittle, with a quickness of movement quite foreign to his usual sedate demeanour. He brought to his sister a letter, sent to him from an unknown hand, which began by asking whether it was a fact known to the family at Clapham that Mr. Charles Ansonius Winsor had recently entered the estate of matrimony. The writer opined that such fact was not known where it naturally should be, or why should the gentleman above-named be now living at the Cambrian Hotel at Tenby under the style of Mr. Winslow Spencer, with a Mrs. Winslow Spencer, and the names of both duly inscribed in the visitors'-book?

Never had there passed such a Sunday at the house in Clapham before. There were no Sunday trains direct to Tenby in those days, otherwise I believe Mr. Grittle would have cast all his Sabbatarian principles to the winds, and started westward to test the truth of the fatal sheet he had just perused. On Monday, however, at an early hour, he was on the wing, and for three days he was absent. What happened during those three fateful days was not, and never will be, made known to the vulgar mind, which has had to be content with the fact that Mr. Grittle, when he returned, brought with him Mr. Charles still apparently a bachelor; but the secret by some means or other leaked out. Nobody ever saw the Mrs. Spencer Winslow of the Tenby escapade, but the vulgar

mind soon satisfied itself that she was no other person than Miss Pleasance Barnett. Certainly the facts that this young lady was seen no more in her place as assistant-teacher to the little girls at the decayed watermen's school, and that Mrs. Barnett herself was relegated to private life upon a small pension, gave some colour to these suspicions. Mr. Charles plunged into philanthropy with greater zeal than ever, and in the course of two years married a wife selected for him by his mother, so either that story about a private marriage must have been false, or he must have lost his wife soon after the wedding.

When he reached middle life, Mr. Winsor left the business duties of the brewery to the junior partners, and retired to the enjoyment of the estate which he had purchased at Skitfield. He took his share of the burthens of public life which fall upon the shoulders of men of his class. He sat upon our Shillingbury bench of magistrates, but not as chairman, for Sir Thomas Kedgbury, though junior in years, was senior as a justice of the peace. This fact, combined with a complete antagonism between the two magnates on all possible subjects of controversy, made the attendance of Mr. Winsor somewhat desultory, and it used to be remarked that, whenever there was a case to be tried which promised to bring unpopularity upon the worshipful adjudicators, Mr. Winsor always left the decision of it to his colleagues. His friends assigned this to his extreme delicacy of feeling, which made him shrink from wounding the susceptibilities of anyone; but less kindly critics found in it merely the desire to make friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, a proceeding which commonplace folks find sometimes a little equivocal, in spite of the high authority in its favour.

By the time he came amongst us the memory of the Tenby episode—a story which had been transmitted to us through many mouths, and no doubt adorned with many factitious incidents—had greatly paled. There were, indeed, Winsorians staunch enough to maintain that the whole affair was a vile conspiracy, got up by the enemies who never fail to lie in wait around the paths of good men, seeking occasions to blaspheme; but, as a rule, any stranger, after having been regaled with an account of our good man's good deeds, would be treated to a sort of postscript: 'When he was a young man, they do

say," and so on. "Some people say there was no truth in it; but still," and all the rest of it. The summing-up, however, would nearly always be in Mr. Winsor's favour.

As long as Bishop Chicham ruled our diocese the ecclesiastical plums in that prelate's disposition fell largely to the share of those divines who could bring forward testimonials from Mr. Winsor. There was little chance that the Bishop would ever be called upon to do outrage to his feelings by nominating a man of incorrect views, for his own opinions and Mr. Winsor's coincided to a nicety, and there was, besides this, another reason for treating with respect any hints which might fall from the eminent layman. The prelate, good man, was by no means deficient in the serpent's wisdom, and, as he made a sum in simple addition of Mr. Winsor's contributions to societies dear to his own heart, and saw the goodly total they made, he decided that this was a man to be humoured at all cost. His decision may have been hastened by the fact that he knew of cases in which Mr. Winsor's displeasure had shown itself in swift and telling blows against the individual who had presumed to cross him, the text concerning the forgiveness of our enemies notwithstanding.

At the end of May, when the platform workers, and secretaries, and "deputations" would begin to wax a trifle weary by reason of their prolonged wrestle with the enemy in the Exeter Hall arena, there would usually be a gathering of those engaged in "the work" in the pleasant groves of Skitfield, there to renew their wasted energies for a fresh campaign; but even then they could not endure to be wholly idle. Merely to keep their hands in, there would be gathered together a meeting in the village school-room at least three evenings in the week, which had to be addressed on some subject or another, and it was a moral certainty that there would be a fresh divine in the pulpit at Skitfield Church every morning and evening as long as the gathering lasted, so great would be the company of the preachers. Sometimes, indeed, it was found necessary to take a leaf out of the enemy's book, and put on week-day services, so as to give to all a chance of being heard, and thus prevent the heartburning which would assuredly have ensued had any clerical guest been obliged to take his departure bearing amongst his luggage an undelivered sermon. Sometimes the visitors overflowed



into our church at Shillingbury, where Mr. Northborough readily surrendered his pulpit to be free of the necessity of composing and delivering a sermon. In order to assure the world that there was nothing unsound, no slavish adherence to the rubric, in the before-named week-day services at Skitfield, care was taken to hold them always on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr. Laporte used to say, with a touch of satire, that doubtless Mr. Winsor had so arranged them in order that any of his friends who might wish could walk over to Bletherton to the Wednesday and Friday services held there.

But Mr. Winsor's course, even down in Folkshire, where he ruled with hardly a possible rival, was not destined to be one of unchequered success. The first mischance that befell him was that untoward promotion of the Rev. Onesiphorus Tulke to the rectory of Pudsey. No friend would have been found candid enough to tell him that, in the selection of a curator of souls for the villagers of Pudsey, he had thought too much of the Boanerges assaults of Mr. Tulke against the Popish proceedings at Bletherton, and too little of the fitness of the man for the work; but in those solitary moments, when he had to realise all the bitterness of mistake and failure, he must have admitted, good man as he was, that he might have been more wary in the stewardship of the good things committed to him. Then the death of his old friend the Bishop, and the appointment of Dr. Coser, a known High Churchman, to the vacant see, was a cruel blow. In these latter days, Mr. Laporte and Mr. Cutler Bridgman might play what Ritualistic vagaries they would, and he could no longer hold episcopal terrors in Bishop Chicham's name over their heads. So rapid and marked was the change in clerical views, following upon the change of Bishop, that Mr. Winsor could no longer stand up in the diocesan meetings of the religious societies, and, after speaking for twenty minutes in reverent silence, sit down amidst a round of applause. Irritating comments, expressive of dissent, and sarcastic cheers now frequently interrupted his discourse; and after one memorable occasion, when he was called to order by the Bishop himself, who was in the chair, he gave up attending altogether.

But the stream of his benevolence was not dried up by this rebuff. He poured out his guineas as liberally as heretofore

to help to bring all men to his way of thinking, and to control the growth of the rising generation, so that it should be abounding in men fashioned after the model of his proper self. This was his infirmity; for he had never learnt the great lesson which is imparted to commonplace folk in the homely proverb, that one man's meat is another's poison. Mr. Winsor, and others like him, are much affected by the social satirist as targets for the most keenly barbed arrows; and so far as narrow-minded bigotry and pharisaic shortsightedness are concerned, the assault is justified. Our good man was, no doubt, too well satisfied with himself, and the moral spectacles he wore made him blind to the merits of all those who would not utter his own particular shibboleth, but he had within his soul that something which "makes for righteousness." He hated to see men drunken, and dissolute, and profane, and he devoted a large portion of his wealth to the work of winning them to better courses. Thick-and-thin political economists would doubtless be ready to prove that nine-tenths of the money he gave away created more misery than it cured; but, then, doctrinaires of this sort will tell you that it is wrong to help a man who is lying with a broken leg in a ditch, since by so doing you render others less careful to avoid similar pitfalls. There was the will in him to do good, and, in carrying out this will, even in his own faulty and narrow-minded fashion, he seems to stand out heroically when compared with the indolent, colourless saunterer through life who averts his eyes from the sordid spectacles—the fruit of human misery—lest by doing so he should vex his own dear soul. Money spent upon the societies chiefly favoured by Mr. Winsor may not have been spent most productively, but it did not, at any rate, debase him to the type of those slow-blooded sensualists who find it necessary to spend all their substance in pampering their bodies, and in wooing those thousand and one costly distractions which men of vacant mind find necessary to scare away the ministers of ennui which roost so persistently in their empty brain-pans.

Now Publishing,  
THE

### EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

OF  
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Containing Numerous Tales, etc., by Popular Writers.  
Seventy-two Pages. Price Sixpence.  
Of all Newsvendors and Booksellers, and at all Railway Bookstalls.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*